



"AY, dearest, don't forget to draw the duck," called handsome Alfred Lawton as he was halfway down the stairs. His bride of a month had left the door of their boudoir of a flat open while she lived fondly over the bakers, as she always did to see the last of her blessed one, her "old sugar."

Lizzie heard the retreating footsteps down the long hall, the very striking of the umbrella against the wall sending happy little thrills through her. She sighed heavily as she returned to the dainty little flat. Was not her dearest and best gone, not to return until 3 o'clock?

He was to bring an old friend with him to dinner. She had not cared to leave her dear little flat, her paradise, rather, even for church, and Alfred had decided that he was signally blessed in having such an angel for a bride, one not given to darning shows, even on such a day, when all other women were showing themselves off in their new gowns and hats. He was the happiest and most fortunate man in all creation. And now Jim, dear old Jim, his chum and lifelong friend, should have a taste of felicity in seeing their home and making the acquaintance of the incomparable Lizzie, the one woman in the whole world.

Lizzie fairly flew about the little place, putting dainty touches here and

The man with the oysters disturbed her at her drawing, but she hurriedly sketched in all the salient features of her picture before the fabled twenty minutes, when the duck should be placed in the oven, she sailed and peeped it and lighted the gas. Then she set the fat and interesting duck in the oven and left it for twenty minutes. Everything else was progressing finely, and in five minutes it was ready quite hot.

So she left the duck to its fate and went to add a few finishing touches to her toilet and a last one to the pretty table. Then her dearest beloved came with his friend. After the presentation Alfred asked:

"Is dinner nearly ready, dearest?" Lizzie looked at the clock. Yes, it was fifteen minutes since she had put the duck in the oven, so by the time they had finished their soup and oysters the duck would be just right. She would turn on the gas.

"Yes, I think so. I will see," answered the nervous lady. Just then the ice cream came, and Alfred took it from the dandy waiter with the air of one who had entertained friends at dinner for at least fifty years.

They sat down to their soup and trout, had their oysters. Lizzie's cheeks were the loveliest pink as she placed the pretty vegetable dishes on the table and the salad bowl on the sideboard. Oh, it was grand to be married and have a home and friends to dinner!

She brought in the duck. It did not look just like other roast ducks that she had seen, but the look had said twenty minutes.

Alfred took the carving knife and started to carve the duck. He thought there was something wrong with it, but he desisted. With a grand air he said he had always liked ducks. The flavor was excellent. He made another attack, but his knife made no impression on the fowl. He sharpened the knife, and got the duck refused to be carved. It seemed to have the resistance of rubber, and he finally remarked:

"I am afraid the duck is not done." "I cooked it twenty minutes," replied dearest, looking worried.

At this moment the knife penetrated the upper portion of the duck's breast and a avalanche of whole corn rattled

## JAPAN'S EASTER EGGS.

Telegraphs of Art Are These Symbols of Spring.

In Japan, where the coming of spring and the bursting into bloom of the cherry trees are made the occasion for an annual festival, the eggs of the Australian ostrich are greatly in demand as an important feature in the joyous festival. It is a far cry indeed from our farce of an Easter egg, whose pure, delicate surface is actually disfigured by cheap dyes and crude, raw designs, to the exquisite works of art that the Japanese artist puts upon the market to welcome the spring. The Japanese artist always works as if imbued with the thought that God is everywhere.

Nothing that the nimble brown fingers touch is ever slighted, and upon the oval surface of these large eggs the Japanese artists lavish a very wealth of artistic efforts. The natural tint of the egg, a grayish blue, is often retained, and fairy landscapes are traced upon this background, which blends exquisitely with the blue of the sky, distant mountains or tiny lakes and rivers. Again, the egg will be thrust all over by the artist, and the designs are then chosen with great care relative to the ground color. Some of the most expensive eggs decorated in Japan are those which simulate specimens of precious ware.

Such an egg, gorgeous in gold leaf and rare pigments and finished by a wonderfully carved ivory box, was once designed by an obscure artist and sent to the mikado, long years ago, just as the cherry trees were bursting into bloom. The royal recipient sent an immense sum of money to the artist as a mark of his appreciation and ordered him to leave the little country village where he had toiled unknown and come to the imperial city, and hence and great renown became his through long years.

Many and various are the designs on the Japanese eggs—dancing geishas and grinning devils, vasaia covered for houses, with a goshu smiling coy welcome from the tiny porch, and stately temples provided over to solemn and eyed Buddhas, flowery landscapes smiling under sunny skies and lofty mountain peaks wrapped in lowering clouds. All the varieties of Japanese landscape and all the varied tides of Japanese life are portrayed on these eggs of the artist in Japan.—New York Tribune.

## THE PASCHAL KISS.

Russia's Characteristic Salutation on Easter Morning.

Easter salutations among the Russians are characteristic. The "Easter kiss" is one of the chief observances. On meeting friends, relatives or even mere acquaintances on Easter morning it is the custom to exchange the same greeting that passed between the priest and people on the "Great Sabbath" service. This is repeated three times in succession; the friends kiss each other and exchange red eggs, of which a pocketful are carried for this purpose.

Strictly religious people make it a rule to kiss the first person they meet on Easter morning outside their own doors, whether this be a stranger or a friend, of high rank or of low. The Emperor Nicholas I. observed this rule with such fidelity that he once so honored a common soldier, who, in addition to his humble station, had labored more valiantly than was good for him. At another time this high honor of the touch of the lips of the great czar fell to the lot of a poor beggar woman, who was as much terrified by her good fortune as though it had been a sentence of death.—Atlanta Constitution.

## An Odd Easter Festival.

An odd Easter observance was arranged by the management of the Hotel Majestic in New York for its guests and friends last Easter Sunday, says the New York Times. Some 400 guests and their friends assembled in the foyer. A barnyard scene on a large scale, with chickens, ducks and rabbits, had been tilted up, and there was a good sized rustic house with straw roof, in which a choir of eight adult voices and a boys' simplified choir of ten voices sang a number of Easter hymns. On every pillar in the foyer were hung two bird cages, with a canary in each cage, and these sang all during the festival. An organ, chimes and orchestra furnished Easter music.

## When the Bells Go to Rome.

In Catholic countries in the old world the bells are not rung during Passion week, and the belief still lingers among the peasants that they have gone to Rome to be blessed by the pope. "But they return on Easter morning, bringing presents of scarlet eggs from the holy father to his good children. The joy bells come back first, and the angels, drawn from heaven by their joyous peals, fill the egg baskets of the good children. The death bells come back also, but bring nothing, for Easter is full of joy only. So in the Easter of the children the bells tell of the joy and the eggs of the gifts of love Christ brings to the little ones."—Chicago Tribune.

## Easter Hares in Warwickshire.

In Warwickshire if the young men can catch a hare and bring it to the parson in the morning of Easter Monday he is bound to give them 100 eggs and other presents. As hares are uncommon there this time of year, the prize is seldom claimed.

## If the Wind Is in the East.

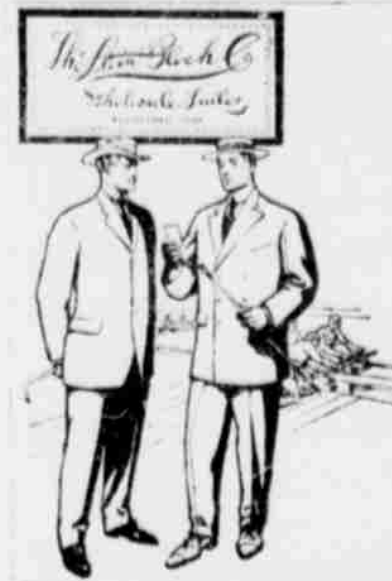
If the wind is in the east on Easter, it is regarded in some places as a wise plan to draw water and to wash in it, as by this means one will avoid the various ills from the east wind throughout the year.

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ALFRED STARTED TO CARVE THE DUCK.

there and making the tiny dining room look too sweet for anything, as she said. Then into the kitchen went the brave little soul to wrestle with pots and pans and the cooking of that wonderful dinner.

She had been an artist in black and white while on one of the daily newspapers with a strong leaning to colors, and "he" was an editor. So his parting request did not seem strange to her. She was to draw that fine fat duck that lay before her. She would and even admired the aesthetic taste of her dear "old sugar." The duck alone had a sort of waxy look, so she made an artistic group of a bed of celery flanked by some carrots and red apples to add to the color scheme. When they were arranged to her taste she brought her drawing board and sat down contentedly to draw the duck. She just washed in the colors to be finished at leisure later, but made a careful study of that duck and succeeded in getting a very good sketch of it in all its fatness.

As she surveyed the work of art she felt very well satisfied. It was a regular "duck" of a duck.

She had everything else prepared—her vegetables on the range, her salad all made and in the icebox. They were to have fruit cake and ice-cream for dessert. At each plate stood a tiny glass chicken pecking at a colored egg. "Could anything be sweeter?" And the tall glass in the center of the table held a bunch of jonquills. And, oh, how happy she was! She had looked in the cookbook, and it said that exactly twenty minutes were required to roast the duck to a turn.

down on the platter. Alfred looked on tragic that Lizzie began to tremble and turn pale. He said finally:

"Take it as I say. I told you to draw the duck the best thing as I went out, and you didn't do it."

"I did too," sobbed Lizzie, with the napkin to her eyes. "I did, now."

Saying this she handed her mortified husband the drawing she had made. She still sobbed disconsolately, while Alfred handed the drawing to Jim, and each let out a roar of laughter that could have been heard a block.

Poor Lizzie continued to weep. "Oh, Mrs. Lawton, don't. There is plenty else, and, besides, Alf, it was the butcher's business to do this," Jim said consolingly.

"I'll discharge that butcher. Never mind, dearest. It wasn't your fault. Mistakes occur to any one, and—ah—haven't you got something else?"

"I—I could make an omelet," said Lizzie, wiping her pretty eyes.

"Well, do, and we'll chat while you are doing it."

But when Lizzie was alone the thought of her dismal failure overcame her, and so many tears fell that she was half blinded, but the omelet felt sorry for her and came out of the pan light and fine. That and her salad saved the day, and the ice cream and cakes were good.

Despite its beginning the dinner was a very enjoyable affair, and the next day the duck got another cooking.

Lizzie made surreptitious efforts to get that picture away from her husband, but he put it under lock and key. It was a proof that she did actually draw the duck.